

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1857.

NUMBER 15.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST.
C. O. B. & MEAD.

PRINTED BY C. O. B. & MEAD.
JUSTICE CORNER, RUTHERFORD.

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made in advance, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, 20 cents per copy.

Non-payment discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

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Middlebury, Vermont,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

CALVIN G. TILDEN,

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Office in the Engine Building, 32
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856.

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Having resigned his Professorship in the Eastern Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his professional attention to his profession.
Office—Those established by the Addison County Medical Society.
Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.
Middlebury, Nov. 20, 1856. 32-15

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Teacher of vocal and instrumental music.
Middlebury June, 1857.

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has opened a shop in Stewart's building over
the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend
to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
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Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26-15

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AND

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COPELAND'S NEWS ROOM,
June 16.

POETRY.

The Sycamores of Haverhill.

Green memories of the gloom!

Larking still the river shores,
With their shadows, cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Talent's Sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim—

When each war-scarred Continental
Leaving, smiling, mill and farm,
Waved his rusty sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's-arm—

Slowly passed that august presence
Down the thronged and shouting street:
Village girls, as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Mistake, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
On his stately head uncovered,
Cool and soft the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down,
On the hills of gold and silver,
Ringing round the little town.

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales,
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life has sped its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner, green and low.

But the trees the gloom planted,
Through the changes changeless stand;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Sifts o'er each stately shaft:
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm enfolded,
Love and youth together stray;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keozar,
On the open hill side wreath,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Sings his German masters taught—

Singing, with his grey hair floating
Round his ruddy, sunken face:
Now a thousand Saxon confessions
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral nooks so grassy,
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the occasional plane trees,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

—John G. Whittier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Better than Diamonds.

I was standing in the broad crowded
street of a large city. It was a cold
winter's day. There had been rain; al-
though the sun had been shining bright-
ly, yet the long icicles hung from the
eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled
loudly as they passed over the ground.
There was a clear, bright look
and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and
a clear north-west wind, which quickened
every step. Just then a little child came
running along—a poor, ill-clad child;
her clothes were scant and threadbare;
she had no cloak and no shawl, and her
little bare feet looked red and suffering.
She could not have been more than eight
years old. She carried a bundle in her
hand. Poor little shivering child! I
pityed her. As she passed her foot slipped,
and she fell with a cry of pain; but
she held the bundle tightly in her hand,
and jumped up, although she limped
sadly, endeavoring to run as before.

"Stop! little girl, stop!" said a sweet
voice, and a beautiful woman, wrapped
in a huge shawl and with furs around
her, came out of a jeweler's store close
by. "Poor little child," she said, "are
you hurt? Sit down on the steps and
tell me."

"How I loved her, and how beautiful
she looked!"

"Oh, I cannot," said the little child,
"I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry.
I have been to the shoemaker's, and
mother must finish these shoes to-night,
or she will never get any more shoes to
mend."

"To-night?" said the beautiful wo-
man. "To-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stran-
ger's kind manner had made her bold—
"yes, for the great ball to-night; and
these satin slippers must be spangled; and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle
from the child's hand and unrolled it.
You do not know why her face flushed
and then turned pale, but I, yes, I looked
into the bundle, and on the inside of a
slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—
written, but I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live,
little child?"

"So the child told her where; and then
she told her that her father was dead,
and that her little brother was sick, and
that her mother bound shoes that they
might have bread; but that sometimes
they were very cold, and her mother
sometimes cried because she had no
money to buy milk for her little brother.
And then I saw the lady's eyes were
filled with tears; and she rolled up the
bundle quickly, and gave it back to the
child; but she gave her name also—no,
not even a surname, and, turning away,
went back into the store from which she

had come out. As she went away I saw
the glitter of a diamond pin. Present-
ly she came back, and, stepping into a
carrage, rolled off. The little girl
looked after her a moment, and with her
little bare feet colder than they were
before, ran quickly away.

I went with the little girl, and I saw
her to a narrow damp street, and into a
small dark room; I saw her mother—
her sad, faded mother, but with a face
so sweet, so patient—hushing and sooth-
ing a sick baby. And the baby slept,
and the mother laid it on her lap; and
the bundle was unrolled, and a dim can-
dle helped with her work; for though it
was not night, yet her room was very
dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her
little girl, and bade her warm her feet
over the scanty fire in the grate, and
gave her a little piece of bread, for she
had no more; and then she bade her
say her evening prayer, and folded her
tenderly to her bosom, and blessed her,
and told her the angels would take care
of her.

And the little child slept and
dreamed—oh! such pleasant dreams—of
warm stockings and new shoes; but the
mother sat alone, and as the bright
spangles glittered on the satin slippers,
came there no repining into the heart?
When she thought of her child's bare,
cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry
bread that had not satisfied her hunger,
came there visions of a bright room and
gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded
with all that was good, a little portion
of which spared to her would give
warmth and comfort to her humble
dwelling?

If such thoughts came, and others, of
a pleasant cottage, and one who had
dearly loved her, and whose strong arm
had kept her and trouble from her and
her babes, but who could never come
back—if these thoughts did come re-
pinning, there also came another; and
the widow's hands were clasped and her
head bowed low in deep contrition, as I
heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for
thou dost all things well, and I will trust
to thee." Just then the door opened
softly, and some one entered. Was it
an angel? Her dress was spotless white,
and she moved with a noiseless step.
She went to the bed where the sleeping
child lay, and covered it with soft warm
blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled
and blazed there, such as the little
grate had never seen before. Then a
huge loaf was laid upon the table, and
fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she
pressed gently before the mother, and
drawing the finished slipper from her
hand, placed there a purse of gold, and
said in a voice like music: "Bless thy
God, who is the father of the fatherless
and the widow!"—and she was gone,
only as she went out I heard her say,
"Better than diamonds—better than
diamonds!" Whom could she mean?
I looked at the mother. With clasped
hands and streaming eyes, she blessed
her God, who had sent her an angel to
comfort her. So I went to a bright
room, where there was music and dan-
cing, and sweet flowers; and I saw young
and happy faces, and beautifully dressed,
sparkling with jewels; but none that I
knew, until one passed whose dress was
of simple white, with only a rosebud on
her bosom, and whose voice was like the
sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled
slipper was on her foot; but she moved
as one that treadeth upon the air, and
the divine beauty of holiness had
so glorified her face that I felt, as I
gazed upon her, that she was almost an
angel of God.

Acting upon Principle.

Some years ago, during a sojourn in
Montgomery, it was the writer's good
fortune to be numbered among the
friends of Col. G. The Colonel was one
of those in whose breast the milk of hu-
man kindness overflowed. It was his
misfortune that he was never able to say
no. And to so great an extent was this
weakness carried, that it had become a
notorious fact that the Colonel would
lend money to any one on the first ask-
ing, rather than refuse it.

But so often had his good nature been
imposed upon, that he had established a
rule for his own government, which he
was careful to explain to applicants for
funds, and usually did so after the fol-
lowing style: "Want ten, do you? Well,
you can have it. But when can you pay
it back? You see I've got a good deal
of money loaned out around, and like to
keep it circulating, but I like to know
just about the time when it's going to
get around back to me; and I hate to be
disappointed. A man that disappoints
me once never gets any more money
from me."

Thus it became notorious that he
would lend money to any one on the
first asking, and if they were prompt in
repayment, they could "take him for his
pile;" at least so it was supposed. Ac-
cording to this supposition, one K., a no-
torious gambler, applied to the Colonel,
one day, for a hundred dollars; rather
doubtful of his success, however. G. was
staggered; but catching his breath, and
overcome by nature, he replied: "Want
a hundred?—certainly you can have it;
but when will you pay me back? I al-
ways want to know when my money is
coming in, as I want to use it elsewhere.
Fix your own day, but be prompt on the
day you fix, for a man who disappoints
me once never gets any more money
from me!"

K. took the money, promising to re-
turn it on the following Wednesday;
and punctual to the day and hour, he
did return it borrowing from all his
friends to enable him to do so. Accord-
ing to the general supposition, his cred-
it was thereby opened with G. to any
extent; and two weeks after, his friends
pressing for repayment, and wanting a
"stake" for himself, he applied boldly to
G., nothing doubting his success.

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pressing for repayment, and wanting a
"stake" for himself, he applied boldly to
G., nothing doubting his success.

"Colonel, let's have a couple of hun-
dred for a day or so, will you?" "Can't
say G. Sorry, but can't really—you dis-
appointed me so about the last, and I
told you that a man who disappointed me
once, never could get any more money
from me." "Disappointed you?" said
K. "Why, Colonel, you mistake your
man; I paid you to the hour and min-
ute?"—"Ah! exactly," said G. "that is
just it, You see, I never expected to get
it!"

Chinese Discovery of America 1400 Years Ago.

The Spaniards discovered America
340 years ago. The Welsh claim an
earlier discovery in favor of their Prince
Madoc. The Northern of the eleventh
century, claim the honor of the first dis-
covery at even an earlier date. But the
Chinese claim it prior to them all—at a
time according to their history about
1400 years ago.

In Chinese history we find descrip-
tions of a vast country 20,000 le to the
Eastward, across the great ocean, which,
from the description given, must be Cal-
ifornia and Mexico. The account says
that several Buddhist priests at Sing-
chau, about A. D. 499, having arrived
there, reported that Fungang (America)
lay to the east about 20,000 le, or 9,000
miles from Japan; and that in A. D.
456 five mendicant priests went there and
distributed Buddhist tracts and images
among the inhabitants, which by that
means changed their customs, as Bud-
dhism was not formerly known to them.

The description of Fungang, as given
by the Chinese historian, differs but lit-
tle from that given by the Spaniards,
when they conquered Mexico. He calls
the country Fungang, from the name of a
particular tree that grew there, and
which he describes thus: "The leaves
of the Fungang, when first produced, re-
semble those of the bamboo. The in-
habitants eat the fruit, like pears, and
weave its bark into cloth for clothing
and articles of embroidery. They have
books, which are written on the bark of
a fungus." Of this tree (the maguay),
Prescott says that "its bruised leaves
afforded a paste, from which paper was
made; its juice was manufactured into an
intoxicating beverage, 'pulque,' of
which the natives, to this day, are ex-
cessively fond; its leaves supplied an im-
penetrable thatch for the humble dwell-
ing; thread of which coarse stuffs
were made, and strong cords from its
tough and twisted fibres, pins and needles
were made of its thorns at the ex-
tremity of its leaves; and the root when
properly cooked, was converted into a
palatable and nutritious food. The ma-
guay, in short, was most drink, clothing,
and writing for the Aztec!" Surely
never did nature enclose, in so compact
a form, so many of the elements of hu-
man comfort and civilization.

Again, The Chinese historian states
that they had not iron, but they posses-
sed copper. They did not esteem gold
and silver. The use of iron was un-
known to them, but they found a sub-
stitute in an alloy of copper and tin, with
which they could cut metal and stones.
Silver, the great staple of their country
at the time of the conquest, may have,
a thousand years earlier, been unnoticed
or unworked by them.

By carefully examining the Chinese
history and comparing with that of
Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," we
find but few points of difference. In
their treatment of criminals, habits of
the judges, religion, and in many other
respects, they agree with each other so
well, that no doubts need be entertained
in the least, regarding the authenticity
of the Chinese accounts. The religion
of the Aztecs was in most respects like
Buddhism. Their arts, institutions, and
customs, were almost the same as those
of the Chinese. By a careful examina-
tion and contrasting of both histories,
inquiring minds will not doubt in the
least that the Chinese discovered this
continent a thousand years earlier than
any other nation.

Most people in California have notice
of the similitude existing between the
Indians and Chinese, both in features
and the accent of their monosyllabic
dialects, and from my own experience I
find that they are nearly the same. The
Chinese accent can be traced throughout
the Indian language; though the most
of the Digger Indians with whom I have
conversed, speak of the ancient Aztec
language. Not wishing to pursue this
subject much farther at present, I will
transcribe a few words for the purpose
of showing the analogy, as follows:

Indian	Chinese	English
Nang,	Nang,	Man.
Yi-soo,	Soo,	Hand.
Keek,	Keek,	Foot.
Aak-a-soo,	Soo,	Beard.
Yuet-a,	Yuet,	Moon.
Yuet-a,	Yat,	Sun.
Uy-tai,	Hoto,	Much.
Lee lam,	Ee lung,	Deafness.
Ho-ya-pa,	Hoah,	Good.
A-pa,	A-pa,	Father.
A-ma,	A-ma,	Mother.
Ko-chiao,	A-ko,	Brother.
Nigham,	To-chiao,	Thanks.
Koo-lao,	Yam,	Drunk.
Koo-chue,	Ku-kay,	Hors.
Choo-keo,	Chu-ko,	Hog.
	Kow-ki,	Dog.

Ty-yam in the Indian language is
night. Ty-yam in the Chinese means a
god of the moon, or night. He-ma in
Chinese means the god of the sun or day.
Wal-jee is a word commonly used among
the Indians to designate; it also means man.
Walla in the Hindoostanee means a man.
Numbers of other words could be given,
but I shall make these suffice for the
present.

No doubt need be entertained concern-
ing the assertions of the Chinese in
coming to this continent at an early pe-
riod; nor can we interpret coincidences
so universal, so minute, so remarkable,
without coming to the conclusion, that
they both sprang from one common
source. The Chinese Fungang is no other
than the American California and
Mexico; and the Oriental discoverers
consequently claim the honor of the dis-
covery, a thousand years earlier than any
other nation.

The period when the continent was
first discovered, may still remain a mys-
tery, hidden in the deep recesses of the
past. If ever it be found it will be most
likely in some of the Oriental records,
for in them we find the most ancient his-
tories, whose dates reaching into the
night of time, inform us of races now
extinct, whose crumbling monuments
attested a civilization different from that
of the modern world. These ancient
races progressed in some arts which to
us are almost unknown, and they must
have attained a degree of refinement,
which many of us at present know but
little of. Yet withal, they seem to us
to have been in ignorance, because we
can but see them through the dark
clouds from which we have issued.—
James Hentley, Chinese Interpreter.

A Lesson for Wives.—The following
touching, simple, sorrowful memorial of
his wife, was written by one of the great
statesmen of England—Sir James Mack-
intosh—in a private letter to a friend:
"She was a woman," he writes, "who by
tender management of my weaknesses,
gradually corrected the most pernicious
of them. She became prudent from af-
fection; and, though of the most gener-
ous nature, she was taught frugality and
economy by her love for me. During
the most critical period of my life, she
preserved order in my affairs, from the
care of which she relieved me. She gen-
tly reclaimed me from dissipation, she
propped my weak and irresolute nature,
she urged my indolence to all the exer-
tions that have been useful and credita-
ble to me, and she was perpetually at
hand to admonish my heedlessness and
improvidence. To her I owe whatever
I am—to her whatever I shall be. In
her solicitude for my interest, she never
for a moment forgot my character. Her
feelings were warm and impetuous, but
she was placable, tender, and constant.
Such was she whom I have lost; and I
have lost her when a knowledge of her
worth had refined my youthful love into
friendship, before age had deprived it of
much of its original ardor. I seek re-
lief, and I find it, in the consolatory
opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts
the chastisement, as well as bestows the
enjoyment of human life; that this dreary
and wretched life is not the whole of
man; that a being capable of such pro-
ficiency in science and virtue, is not like
the beasts that perish; that there is a
dwelling-place prepared for the spirits
of the just; that the ways of God will
yet be vindicated to man!"

BEAUTIFUL AND WE CAN READILY BELIEVE
TRUE.—Who doubts that bird
loves? Here is evidence from the Na-
tional Intelligencer.

A gentleman observed in a thicket of
bushes near his dwelling a collection of
brown thrushes, who for several days
attracted his attention by their loud cries
and strange movements. At last, curi-
osity was so much excited that he de-
termined to see if he could ascertain
the cause of the excitement among them.
On examining the bushes he found a fe-
male thrush, whose wing was caught in
such a way that she could not escape—
Near by her nest, containing several
half grown birds. On retiring a little
distance, a company of thrushes appear-
ed with worms in their mouths, which
they gave first to the mother, then to
her young, she in the meanwhile cheer-
ing them in their labor of love with a
song of gratitude. After watching the
interesting scene until curiosity was sat-
isfied, the gentleman relieved the poor
bird, when she flew to her nest with a
grateful song to her deliverer; and her
charitable neighbors dispersed to their
usual abodes, singing as they went a
song of praise.

IMMORTALITY.—How beautiful
the following gem from the pen of Proutie,
and how happy the heart that can see
these beauties as he portrays them.

"Why is it that the rainbow and the
cloud comes over us with a beauty that
is not of earth, and then pass away, and
leave us to muse on their faded loveli-
ness? Why is it, that the stars which
hold their nightly festival around the
midnight throne, are placed above the
reach of our limited faculties forever
mocking us with their unapproachable
glory? And why is it that bright forms
of human beauty are presented to our
view, and then taken from us, leaving
the thousand streams of affliction to flow
back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?
We are born for a higher destiny than
that of earth. There is a land where
the rainbow never fades, where the
stars will be sent out before us like is-
lands that slumber on the ocean, and
where the beautiful being that passes be-
fore us like a meteor will stay in our
presence forever."

CONSOLATION.—A younger brother
had espoused an old and ill-tempered
wife, but extremely rich. He used to
say: "Whenever I find my wife cross, and
my own temper giving way, I retire to
my library and console myself by read-
ing her marriage settlement."

A gentleman with a glass eye was
about to exercise the right of suffrage,
the other morning when he was accosted
by a political opponent, with "I say, mis-
ter, what are you doing here? You can't
vote, you're not natural-eyed!" The
joke was taken in good part and created
general merriment.

To a Rat, Caught in our Printing Office.

Thou long-tailed, shon-eved, nocturnal ranger!
What dost thou here among the types and cases?
Dost thou not know that running midnight
races,
O'er standing types is fraught with imminent
danger?

Didst hunger lead thee? Dost thou think to find
Some rich old cheese to fill thy hungry maw?
Vain hope! none but a literary jaw
Can masticate our cookery for the mind.

Perchance thou hast a literary taste,
A love for letters and that sort of thing;
But why, thou wire-tailed imp—thou vermin-
king!

Didst thou but yesterday devour our paste,
And throw our types in pyramids of dirt?
Thy doom's decreed—Hare, Towser! at him
fly.

Little Graves.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lone woman's bosom,
Whose joy and light is fled;
For thick in every graveyard,
The little hillocks lie—
A THOUSAND HEAVENLY REPRESENTS
AN ANGEL IN THE SKY.

YOUNG NAPIER'S RETALIATION.—Gen.
Sir Charles J. Napier tells the following
story of his childhood.—There was in
Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of
Dr. ——. When she heard of my
misfortune, she said, "Poor boy, I sup-
pose a fly kicked his spindle-shanks!"
Being a little fellow then, though now
be it known, five feet seven inches and
a half high, this offended me greatly; and
as the Lord would have it she broke her
own leg just as I was getting well. Go-
ing to her house with an appearance of
concern, I told the servant how sorry I
was to hear that a bullock had kicked
Mrs. ——— and hurt her leg very much,
and that I had called to know if her leg
was hurt. She never forgave me."